

## ADRIK'S LETTER DOUBTED BY MANY

They Say His Retirement  
From Senate Is Only a  
Shrewd Political Move.

## HALE'S ACTION ALSO CAUSES SPECULATION

However, Friends of Both Say  
They Intend to Retire at  
Zenith of Glory.

The Capital is more interested in the announced retirement of Senator Aldrich and Senator Hale than in any event which has developed for a long time. This overshadowed the passage of the rivers and harbors bill, the railroad bill and all other pending measures and programs for the time being, at any rate. Both houses of Congress discussed the withdrawal of these two great leaders of the organization in the Senate. Their successors were speculated upon, the policies of the old regime were trembled for, and the probable results upon legislation were guessed at on all sides.

In spite of this widespread interest, but few members of either branch were willing to be quoted on the matter. Nothing in weeks has developed upon which the Senate particularly, was so reluctant about commenting for publication. Insurgent Senators as well as regulars for the most part asked to be excused from talking to the public.

Yet there was a plenty of pertinent discussion. There were Senators who doubted seriously the sincerity of Senator Aldrich's letter. They suggested that the whole thing might be another political move and that Senator Aldrich might be willing to come back to Washington after all, when he has had the summer to think the matter over.

Associates Say He's Sincere. There were even more of his associates, however, who insisted that the whole move on the part of the Rhode Islander was in good faith and time would establish that fact. They remembered the letter Senator Spooner wrote once declining to become a candidate, but afterward being elected, and while this letter was recalled, it did not shake their faith in the announcement made by Senator Aldrich to retire from the Senate.

Senator Lodge of Massachusetts who has been a loyal follower of Senator Aldrich is one of those who believes absolutely that the Rhode Islander means every word he says in his letter. In speaking of the matter, Senator Lodge said:

"Of course Senator Aldrich means it. We regret exceedingly that he does. The whole Senate will feel the loss. It is a national loss. Yet we cannot blame Senator Aldrich for his action. He has done his duty. He has done 40 years splendid work for the Republic and he is now retiring. He does not want to linger on in the Senate until his usefulness wanes. Too many Senators stay in that body after they have become too feeble to attend to their important committee work."

His Crowning Act. "Senator Aldrich of course remains on the Monetary Commission. That is important to the country. He wants to crown his life's work with a new monetary system, one that he can present to the American people that is neither Democratic nor Republican, but one that all parties can endorse and aid in passing through Congress. I say that it is important that Senator Aldrich is willing to continue his work upon the Monetary Commission."

Senator Clark, an insurgent Senator, was asked about the Aldrich letter. "Let me see it," said the Minnesotan. When he had finished reading it, he turned away with the question. "Do you want me to give you an interview on this?" I am not going to. What sort of trouble are you trying to get me into anyway?"

## VETERANS INDORSE HOWARD

Confederate veterans of the District have endorsed Gen. George H. Howard as commander to succeed General Evans, the election to take place at the annual convention of the organization, to be held at the Hotel Raleigh, April 25 to 28. Capt. D. C. Grayson has been elected chairman of the local delegates, the election being made at the meeting last night.

## GOLD DUST Makes Hard

Water as Soft as Rainwater

Every good housewife knows the value of nice, soft rain-water for washing clothes and for all cleansing purposes. It isn't always convenient to secure rain-water, however. Neither is it necessary. Gold Dust will soften the hardest water, take out the mineral substances and make it so near like the water that falls from the clouds that you couldn't tell the difference.

Think what this means to you on wash-day. There's a deal of difference between the action of hard and soft water for all cleansing. Just a little Gold Dust added to the water renders it soft and brings out the greatest cleansing value.

Try it the next time you wash clothes or dishes. Gold Dust really cleanses so easily that it relieves housework of all its drudgery.

Made by THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY  
Makers of FAIRY SOAP, the oval cake.

## THE SUE OF DEAD SHIPS

By CRITTENDEN MARRIOTT

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### Synopsis of Chapters Already Published

The steamer Queen, bound from Porto Rico to New York, has as one of her passengers Miss Dorothy Fairfax, daughter of a multi-millionaire railroad builder. On the ship also is Officer Jackson, a detective, who is taking back Frank Howard, U. S. N., charged with the murder of his wife, shortly before the ship left Porto Rico an announcement of Miss Fairfax's engagement to Lieutenant Lovell, U. S. A., a close friend of Howard, is made in a newspaper. The engagement is, however, denied by Miss Fairfax. The ship is caught by a storm and driven head-on into a derelict. All the passengers and crew take to the boat except Jackson and Howard, who get left behind. As the last boat leaves it capsize, and Miss Fairfax is found in the sea. Howard rescues her and takes her back on board the drifting wreck of the Queen. When the final fate is shown on the ship with the two men she faints.

### CHAPTER V.

#### Dinner Is Served.

As Dorothy fell forward Howard caught her in his arms and laid her upon the sofa. Then he faced Jackson.

"Nice thing, this!" he remarked, grimly. "A very nice thing, considering the circumstances. But I am disappointed, as he said Jackson's eyes wandered to the girl. Don't worry about that. She's not a bad girl, anyway, and she'll sleep it off, and be all the better when she wakes up. Meanwhile, there's work for us. We all need food, and it's imperative that we should find some at once. Come."

The angle of the ship's deck made examination both difficult and dangerous; but when, by the exercise of care, it was safely accomplished, the need for food was obvious. Howard needed not fear either starvation or thirst for a long time to come. The storeroom of the Queen was about thirty feet only just above the new waterline, and in them there was food for months to come.

It was good food, too, intended for the consumption of passengers who paid well. In addition to canned goods, of which the stock was large and varied, there was a quantity of rice and fresh meat, fresh vegetables, flour, biscuits, sauces, breakfast foods, and so forth, to say nothing of the saloons, which were well furnished. With water the ship was equally well supplied. Not only was the saloon well supplied, but the kitchen, which Howard found two large tanks whose contents had not even been touched. In the pantry, just forward of the saloon, was a refrigerator with cooked food enough for two or three days.

All these things were not found in an instant. As it chanced, the pantry came last; and the moment the cooked food was reached, further investigation was promptly suspended and preparations made to comfort the inner man. The supplies were quickly transferred to the big saloon table, where it was held in place by the pillows, which had been put on the night before at dinner and had not been removed.

Leaving Jackson to brew the coffee, and in which he asserted that he was proficient, Howard went to see after Miss Fairfax. As he had expected, he found her sleeping, her swoon having quietly passed into slumber. A little color had come back to her cheeks and to her lips, and her breathing was regular. For several moments he stood looking down at her, noting the sweep of her long lashes on her cheeks, the delicate penciling of her eyebrows, and the pure curve of her lips. She was of his own class in life, and—He checked his thoughts shortly.

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"Oh!" she cried. "Why did you wait? I told you not to." She slipped into her seat. "I'm so hungry!" she sighed.

The hot coffee and the abundant meal lightened the spirits of the trio in spite of the predicament in which they found themselves. With a ship, albeit a crippled one, on which they were, and with plenty of food and water at hand, it was not human nature to despair, especially as the sea had gone down so much that it no longer threatened them.

To both Jackson and Miss Fairfax the worst seemed to be over; in a day or two some one would pick them up, they thought, and all would be well. Howard, wiser in the ways of the sea, doubted the impulse of the others' hopeful prognostications, but said little.

"I must study the situation before I can say anything," was as far as he would commit himself, even in answer to a direct question. When they had finished their meal, Dorothy rose.

"I'll clear away these dishes," she announced. "I'm sure you two have more important things to attend to. Later, when Mr. Howard has studied the situation, as he wishes, we will hold a council of war."

Howard bowed and went on deck. His first glance assured him that his worst fears were true. The Queen was evidently far within the Sargasso sea, and under the impulse of the breeze from the west was steadily driving eastward, into ever-thickening fields of weeds.

Wreckage was floating here and there, naive evidence of disasters that had occurred, perhaps close at hand, perhaps thousands of miles away. The passage of open water that had trellised the sea, the doubtless the lighted lights made with them had gone whatever faint hope Howard might have had of rescue.

No skipper could venture into that deadly sea, and no one could walk on it; yet Howard knew that any one who tried to swim would not have a chance to swim. The weeds would coil round him, soft, slimy, but strong, and drag him down.

Like all who have sailed these waters, Howard had heard many tales of the great Sargasso sea, and had listened away many an hour listening to the sailors' yarns of the haven of dead ships buried far beneath the surface, confined to a haven in the middle of the ocean, a haven without a harbor, a haven where the ships, dropping to pieces at last by slow decay, must sink for two miles or more before they reached the floor of the ocean.

And into this haven the Queen was drifting, slowly but surely. Nothing but sinking could prevent her from moving onward until she reached the innermost haven.

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sea, where there are supposed to be thousands of derelicts, the sailings of the North Atlantic for 400 years—I say 'supposed' because nobody has even seen them, but there isn't much doubt about it."

Jackson laughed scornfully. "What are you giving us?" he demanded incredulously.

Dorothy turned to him. "It's all true," she corroborated, with a catch in her voice. "Only yesterday Mr. Spriggs told me about it. He was wishing for a chance to explore the place, poor fellow. As you know, she broke off and turned to Howard. 'Isn't there any chance at all of our being picked up?' she asked.

Howard shook his head. "None, I fear," he answered gently. "I am sorry, Miss Fairfax, more sorry than I can say; but I fear we shall be on this wreck or on another for weeks and months to come. So far as I can see now we can do nothing till we reach the central wreck. There we may find a boat or the tools to build one; or we may find water or some other way to escape."

"It will be desperately hard to wait; to drift deeper and deeper into this tangled day after day, hoping that things will change when they come to the place, but it's all we can do. Meanwhile we can thank God that we have food, drink, and comfortable shelter, and we are on our way to see what the sea has in store for us. Let's make the best of it."

"The best of it?" Jackson's face was tempestuous and his eyes distended. The best of it? he vociferated. "By heaven, it's well for you to say that! You're safe here. You're safe from the electric chair here. You can afford to wait and wait and wait and wait. How about me? How about my wife and children?"

Howard assented. "It's bitter hard," he said. "But you're a sailor and can get us out of this, if you wish. You don't want to get out. You hope that you'll get a chance to escape, but by heaven, you shouldn't! I'll tell you what I think. I warn you not to repeat your offer."

"For the rest, Miss Fairfax, there is some reason in what this man says. The catastrophe which has befallen us is not your duty to insult me; that I still a task that I will not undertake to repeat your offer."

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## DRIVER SAYS PIER BY QUICK ACTION

Galloping His Team He Got  
Burning Potash Safely  
to Street.

NEW YORK, April 20.—The officials of the Hamble-American Steamship Company look with favorable eyes today upon "Butch" Adams, driver for the Berry Forwarding Company, of this city, for had "Butch" shown less presence of mind than he did in the emergency that confronted him, pier 3, of that company, in Hoboken, might have been destroyed by fire.